

The
MIRACLE MAN
of
MONTREAL

GEORGE H. HAM



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THE MIRACLE MAN
OF MONTREAL



Brother André in the walk leading to the chapel, which he built eighteen years ago.

The Miracle Man of Montreal

By
George H. Ham

Author of "Reminiscences of a Raconteur"

With a glowing tribute to the Miracle Man
by S. Morgan Powell.

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IN THE BEGINNING

At the sincere and repeated requests of many friends and strangers, who having read an article on "The Miracle Man of Montreal", in *Maclean's Magazine*, and who seek additional knowledge of Brother André and his wonderful works, this brochure is published.

Whether the reader believes or disbelieves in present day miracles and the unseen power of the "Miracle Man", is a matter of little consequence. But it should be stated that, while not of the religious faith of my old friend, I have seen some of the miracles chronicled, and have gathered other data from persons whose credibility can not be questioned.

It should also be mentioned that these writings are not in any way inspired by the Roman Catholic Church, and that responsibility for their absolute truthfulness and authenticity is assumed by myself.

GEORGE H. HAM.



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MIRACLES AND MIRACLE WORKERS

There are miracles wrought to-day as there have been down through the long ages ever since Christ raised the dead, healed the suffering suppliants, gave voice to the dumb, sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf; ever since He turned water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana and fed the multitude with a few loaves of bread and two small fishes. While countless thousands saw and sincerely believed in them then, there were many more scoffers and doubters. As it was in those days, so it is with the world to-day. Time was, especially in recent years, that many non-Catholics sincerely believed that these alleged

miracles existed merely in the untutored minds of the superstitious followers of the Roman Catholic Church, or were a mere temporary effect upon over-zealous and super-enthusiastic believers.

But the wonderful works of divine healers of the Protestant faith have largely dispelled that idea, and thousands upon thousands of intellectual people of different nationalities and of different creeds are to-day firmly convinced that the healer wields a Divine Power which is exercised for the benefit of weak and suffering humanity.

Amongst these most notable are several of the Anglican clergy. Mrs. McPherson of the American Penticostals, F. L. Rawson of London, England, and the Rev. Albert Hughes of High Park Baptist Church, Toronto, Ontario, who so impressively said: "I have seen miracles performed before my very eyes within the last seven days. I have seen lame men get up and walk, I have beheld men whose eyes have been blind for years see wonderful things, and I have heard the dumb speak"...

Charlotte Laing, a three-year-old child-healer of the city of Lewiston, Maine, is vouched for by the people of that place, who cures wounds by simply touching her fingers to the afflicted spot and lisping a short prayer. They say that by the laying on of her hands and murmuring "Saint Anne, cure you!" she can cure and has cured toothache, headache, rheumatism, colds, coughs, sore throats, and other afflictions, and that in the same manner she has healed burns, scalds, bruises, etc. The child's mother firmly believes that the girl has the gift of healing, and ascribes it to pre-natal influence. "She is the seventh daughter," said the mother, "always I prayed that the child might have the gift of healing, and now my prayer is answered. I had been suffering great pain for some days with a toothache; there was an abscess in the tooth, but I did not know it. I had tried, not only medicine and drugs, but almost everything, but I could get no relief. I happened to take up my baby and she put her little hand on my mouth. The pain immediately left me, and I went to bed. In

the night the abscess broke, and the tooth got well. . . .”

Another medium is Dr. McCartney, who is reputed to have performed miracles among the Iroquois Indians in Eastern Ontario and also made many cures of afflicted people of high and low degree, and many more healers could be cited were it at all necessary.

THE FIRST MIRACLE

The earliest miracle that tradition has handed down to us comes from the first year of the Christian era. It tells how, when Joseph and Mary had to hasten into Egypt with the child Jesus, they rested one morning at a little hut situated in a grove by the side of a dense forest, the dwelling place of a robber and his family. Hearing them approach, the robber's wife had hurried to the door, and though fatigued, hungry and foot-sore from the long, wearisome journey, Joseph asked not for food or shelter, but only that Mary might have a little warm water with which to bathe her child. Inspired doubtless by the

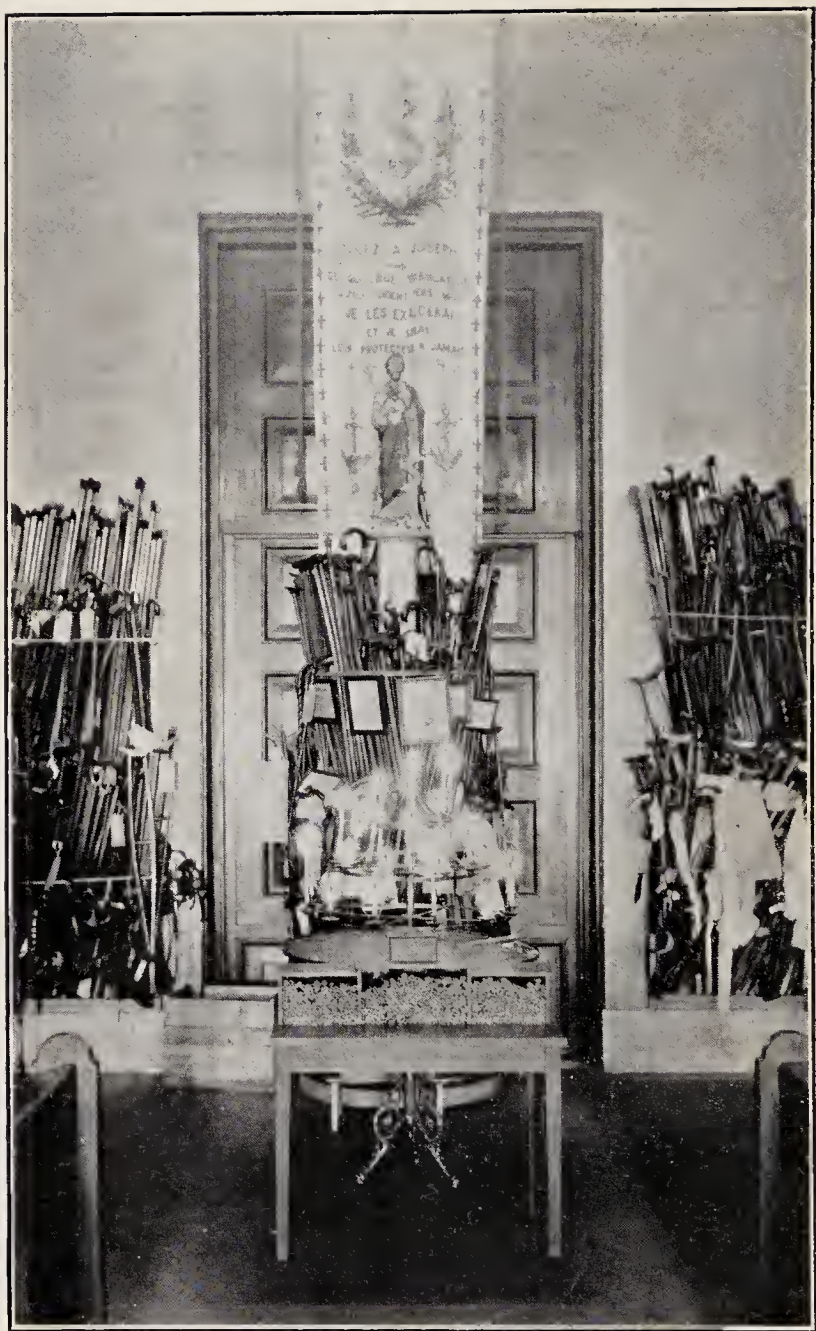
Divine Presence, and impressed likewise by the gentleness and amiability of Mary, the woman cheerfully, nay eagerly, placed before them a basin and water which she had just prepared for her own baby, a boy about the same age as Jesus. This generous act, gratefully and graciously accepted, was immediately rewarded. As the Divine Mother performed her loving task, the woman became more and more enraptured with the sweetness and simplicity of the strangers, and when Mary had finished and again took Jesus tenderly in her arms, we are told that she hastily removed from her own babe the cloak that had covered him. To their amazement and with intense pity they beheld a poor, wasted, little body, covered almost entirely with running sores. And then (it would seem as an act of inspired faith) the woman ran towards Mary and without even removing the water that had been used, plunged her child into the basin. His body was immediately cleansed and made pure and wholesome, and the sores, so miraculously healed, never again reappeared....

And the legend goes on to relate how the robber's son, grown to manhood followed his father in his nefarious calling, and that after many years spent in robbing and in brigandage, was finally captured, thrown into prison, tried, convicted, and, as the penalty then was, sentenced to death on the cross. . . . And as he hung out there on the hillside in the early afternoon, a great throng approached, and when they drew near he beheld in their midst another prisoner, but so meek looking was He and so mild and tender that the robber was moved to compassion, and as they threw up this other cross besides his own its occupant turned and recognized in the thief the son of that woman who long years before had befriended His own mother. And that old kind act was again rewarded; for have we not all read how, with such tenderness and affection, Jesus spoke unto the thief those sublime words that for twenty centuries have been the hope and consolation of weak and sinful humanity: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

This miracle, however, though proudly cher-



Altar at the original Oratory of St. Joseph, the first chapel built by Brother André.



Only some of the crutches left by the cripples healed at the Oratory of St. Joseph.

ished is not wholly accepted by the Church of Rome, whose invariable course it appears is to sponsor no act of a miraculous nature of which every detail cannot be fully substantiated. As this one dates back to the days of the Saviour, it can readily be realized that it would be impossible to demonstrate its actual truthfulness. And yet, through all these long centuries this legend of the first miracle has been told and retold countless times in all Christian countries, and finds strong, ardent, and grateful believers in it even to this day.

BROTHER ANDRÉ'S CAREER

Brother André, the Miracle Man of Montreal, is a French Canadian of humble origin, although from his early youth he seemed to be marked out by some special Providence for a strange career of divine service—a promise in youth which has been singularly amplified in his mature and older years.

His father was a poor French Canadian workingman at St. Gregoire d'Iberville, Que.,

where Alfred Bessette (who subsequently became famous as Brother André, the "Miracle Man"), was born on August 9th, 1845. Later the family moved to Farnham, in the Eastern Townships, where the father, Isaac Bessette, carried on his trade as carriage worker—the same trade as that practised by St. Joseph. Four years later Isaac Bessette died at Farnham, leaving his widow, Clothilde Foisy, almost destitute, with ten children, of whom the subject of this sketch was sixth, and when he was twelve years old his mother also died.

On the death of his father, the little Alfred Bessette, following the good old French-Canadian family custom, had been taken care of by an uncle, Timothée Nadeau, of St. Cesaire de Rouville, with whom he lived until he was fifteen.

He was a weakly boy, and owing to poor health, and the poverty and early death of his parents he had only been able to attend the village schools sufficiently to acquire the veriest rudiments of an education. When only twelve years old he was compelled to

make a fight for existence, trying successively apprenticeships as a bootmaker and baker, but each time his strength proved inadequate for these tasks.

Later he worked for a time with the "cultivateurs" (farmers) of St. Cesaire, and was taken on as a sort of chore boy by Rev. M. Springer, the curé at Farnham, thence going to Connecticut, where he worked on farms and at the cotton mills, as so many other French Canadians were doing.

Returning to Canada when he was about twenty-three years of age young Bessette went to live with relatives at Sutton, Que., but kept in close touch with M. l'Abbe Provencal, curé at St. Cesaire. This latter soon divined the religious bent of the young man's genius, and put him in touch with the Brothers of the Holy Cross, who were opening a commercial college in the parish.

His pious nature and anxiety to devote himself to religious work won him immediate favor with the Brothers. After a brief novitiate he was, in 1870, admitted to the Congre-

gation of the Holy Cross, and Alfred Bessette ceased to exist for the world, becoming in religion Brother André, a humble member of that famous teaching Order of the Roman Catholic church.

But although he won the regard of his superiors of the Congregation by his devout habits, his lack of education made it impossible for him to undertake anything but the most humble tasks, and for upwards of forty years he faithfully performed duties as porter, doorkeeper and messenger at the Cote des Neiges Boys' College, an institution of the Congregation of the Holy Cross on the outskirts of Montreal, for the education of young boys. As he humorously remarks, hardly had his novitiate finished before his superiors had shown him the door, where he had remained forty years without going out.

Following the rules of the Order that the Brothers must usefully fill all their time Brother André utilized his spare time washing dishes and in other occupations, later he developed into the official barber for the school,

and used to administer the periodical hair-cuts to the youngsters attending the institution.

In these humble works Brother André continued for many years, always preserving his devotion to St. Joseph, his patron saint, and, by his quiet piety and devotion attaining a degree of influence over generations of the students at the institution altogether beyond the menial positions in which he was employed.

His good works for the pupils and his continual efforts to impress upon them the intimate relations between the divine and the human in the course of years invested Brother André with a dignity and influence that seemed almost a manifestation of the supernatural.

There was nothing of sacerdotal pride about the future "Miracle Man of Montreal." His demeanor was modest to a degree, his habits those of a recluse, except for his loving relations with the scholars. His bed was a hard pallet, his meals chiefly bread and water, with occasionally a little fruit.

Gradually the fame of Brother André's piety and good works spread far beyond the walls of the institution, and by degrees pilgrims from far and wide invaded the college, not to meet the high dignitaries, but to pour out their troubles, both physical and spiritual, to the humble porter who waited on the school-boys. Always he prayed with the afflicted, frequently mingled his sympathetic tears with those of the unfortunate. His influence, always attributed by him to his patron Saint Joseph, led to so much physical and mental solace to those visiting him that many insisted on making rich gifts to the institution in token of their gratitude. Brother André wanted no such recognition. All he desired was to serve God, practise his devotions to good Saint Joseph, and devote his life to relieving the sufferings of his fellow man, realizing that he had been endowed with a special mission in this regard.

With the increase of his fame as a godly Brother endowed with miraculous powers there came an ever growing tide of visitors to

the college at Cote des Neiges, seeking his intercession with St. Joseph for the relief of their bodily and spiritual ills. It came to a point where this continual incursion of pilgrims to wait on Brother André not only became a serious problem for the college authorities, but was the subject of complaint by the relatives of pupils, who objected to the extraordinary number of visitors for the humble Brother André on account of his reputed gifts. It was argued by these that Brother André was attracting a degree of attention which could only end in bringing ridicule on the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

A controversy arose, when Brother André was, without asking it, given warm support by many who had benefitted by his work and prayers, who demanded since when it had become wrong to inculcate a devotion to St. Joseph, and to pray for his intercession on behalf of the sick, or to distribute his medallions and holy oil that had been before his altar. They argued that it would be absolutely inhuman to

refuse such consolation to the afflicted who sought Brother André in their hour of need.

A compromise was reached, when the college authorities made a regulation that the sick and afflicted who flocked to seek help from the "Miracle Man"—the humble porter of the college—could only call outside of scholastic hours. The result was such difficulty and delay that a pavilion had to be erected where these pilgrims waited until Brother André could come to minister to them.

Efforts were made to curb Brother André's beneficent work, with appeals to Archbishop Bruchesi, and even to the civic health authorities of Montreal. His Grace took no action, simply watching developments at Cote des Neiges. The health authorities started an enquiry in 1906, but dropped it as beyond them.

During this bitter controversy Brother André continued his work, apparently interested in nothing but his service to God and man. But already his work had won recognition from the faithful—both Roman Catholics and those of other faiths and steps were taken

by supporters to erect a tiny chapel on the flank of the venerable Mount Royal, where Brother André could meet those supplicating his assistance. There a handsome statue of St. Joseph was installed, and thither flocked pilgrims in hundreds and thousands every day of the year, seeking the aid of the "Miracle Man". That again caused increasing difficulties, and, in face of continued opposition Brother André continued his efforts until the little chapel became a larger one, then a crypt, until now his life's devotion to the glory of God, the exaltation of St. Joseph, and the benefit of suffering humanity is to be marked by a splendid shrine on the lofty eminence of Mount Royal, whence long after his memory has become a beautiful tradition of his Church priests will officiate, and invoke benedictions on the metropolitan city of Montreal, whose majestic purlieus lie on all sides of the mountain.

This work was carried out by Brother André under sufficient difficulties, with active opposition from within his own Order, as well

as insufficient funds. But he was supported by a group of the faithful, who not only collected funds for the sanctuary, but gave their own money. No one knew where the money was to come from, but the work went on. Every Saturday the workmen would enquire "Are we to come back again Monday?"

"I don't know," Brother André would reply. "I have no more money. But what of that? It will come. If next Saturday we have no money you must wait, if we have you will get it."

So the workers kept on, always the money came in, no one knew just how, until the shrine was completed, and eventually Brother André's extraordinary career met with not only the approval of Archbishop Bruchesi, but the Apostolic blessing of His Holiness the Pope, while since 1904 no less a sum than \$300,000 has been expended on the Oratory, entirely by voluntary subscriptions, and a Brotherhood of St. Joseph of the Oratory has been organized, which now numbers some 12,000 members.

Brother André's work is no longer that of attending the door of the college as a porter, or cutting the hair of young pupils. He is now regarded almost with the veneration of a saint. His whole time is taken up at the Oratory, where he still ministers with all his old-time humility and austere abstinence, which, however, has in nowise abated his delightful disposition or his love for innocent humor.

The extraordinary manner in which the "Miracle Man" has won the attention and devotion of a necessitous world is shown by the fact that this almost uneducated Brother of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, after spending almost half a lifetime in menial services at the College now presides over a splendid Oratory, visited daily by pilgrims from all over the world, while the services of four secretaries are required constantly to attend to the correspondence, which averages about a hundred letters a day, or more than 35,000 a year. Sometimes as many as four hundred

letters are received in one day, all imploring physical or spiritual assistance and guidance.

These letters are all read to Brother André, now well along in years, and are also repeated at the many daily services, where continuous congregations unite in prayer for those imploring aid.

One of these letters recently received was simply addressed "To the Brother Who Works Miracles". On receiving this Brother André merely smiled, because he always makes humble acknowledgment that it is not he, but the great Patron of Nazareth, St. Joseph, who is the actual miraculous influence.

HIS MIRACULOUS INFLUENCE

During the ten years existence of the Oratory a regular record has been kept of all the acts of grace acknowledged, and is published monthly in the *Annales de l'Oeuvre* (Records of the Work). The figure is seldom lower than 200 per month, sometimes as high as 300, averaging about 250 monthly. So it is ap-

parent that during the past ten years expressions of gratitude have been received from at least 30,000 people for assistance, either miraculously or through more spiritual means, given through the ministrations of Brother André.

Amongst Brother André's earliest miracles was that of healing several victims of small-pox during the epidemic of 1874-75. Another is mentioned as having occurred over thirty years ago, when a young student of the college was badly injured in a game of ball. Before medical assistance could be secured, Brother André successfully applied "first aid to the injured", and when the doctor arrived the patient was again playing ball. Other cures of a minor nature were effected by him, and these gave him a local fame. The first major miracle that brought him wider celebrity occurred in 1910, when Mr. Martin Hannon, a C.P.R. employee at Quebec, who was the victim of a serious accident two years previously by which his legs and feet were terribly crushed through heavy marble blocks falling

upon them, visited him. Hannon had been unable to walk, without crutches, and on crutches he went to Brother André, who rubbed his mangled limbs with holy oil and prayed over him, and then told him to throw his crutches away, for he was cured. Hannon dispensed with his crutches and walked then and since without even the use of a cane. The following day he visited the office of a French-Canadian newspaper, *La Patrie*, told of his miraculous cure, and Brother André's reputation as a "Miracle Man" spread afar.

I could not tell you of the multitudes that have sought Brother André's intercession and prayers, comparatively few unavailingly, but I have seen two instances myself, in each of which what appeared to be serious cases were restored to health. One a young lady from Plattsburg, N.Y., who had walked on crutches for seventeen years, after a visit to Brother André, handed her crutches to her maid, and walked strongly and unassisted several yards to her waiting automobile.

Another was a young lady from near Tup-

per Lake, N.Y., a Miss Brooks, who was cured of paralysis, and who told me in the Windsor Street station how, after seeing Brother André, she was able for the first time in several years to use her limbs freely.

But a still greater miracle to my lay mind was one of more recent date, word of which came from London, England, in a letter from an old friend, who is the wife of a nobleman, once a member of the British House of Commons, and who while visiting Montreal last autumn, accompanied me to the shrine, and carried away with her oils and images of St. Joseph and other souvenirs. But here is her letter referring to the miracle: "I have a little story you may like to tell Brother André. When I came home in November, I found a letter from a young friend I had not seen since he was in a perambulator. It was to ask my prayers for his mother who was dying from the effects of an accident. Her foot caught as she was going down a very steep flight of stairs to the Underground Railway at Baker Street, London, England, and she

fell the whole length of it, hitting her head and one of her knees very badly. When she was conscious she was taken home, and suddenly she went clean out of her senses and knew no one and raved about people dead long ago, and she called for me in my maiden name, as she used to know me when I was a girl. It was this that put it into her son's head to write to me that she was not supposed to live very long, and that the doctors held out very little hope for her life. I was told that she was in a mental hospital and that she did not recognize even her son when he went to see her. I asked permission to go there and was given leave. They told me she could utter nothing but gibberish and was very weak. When I came to her bedside, I would not have known her, but I looked straight into her eyes and told her I was "Alice". Then she caught my hand and held it convulsively, and her poor tongue and lips were uttering an incomprehensible jumble over and over again. At last I hit upon it; she was repeating a prayer in Polish that her mother



A Shrine dedicated to St. Joseph, the gift of Dr. Charles Pratt and his children, Longueil, P.Q.



The main altar at the Crypt, where thousands receive consolation and relief for their sufferings.

had taught her as a child (her mother was a Pole, a princess) I had managed to recognize two of the words. I told the nurse she was saying a prayer in Polish, and that she appeared unable to say anything else. For some time I sat beside her, and as her memory of years ago seemed to be the only workable part of her brain, I asked her in French if she was suffering pain? And at once she responded and said "Not at all", and then went off again into the ejaculatory prayer. The nurse moved off for a moment, and I brought forth from my pocket a little bottle of Brother André's blessed oil. I made the sign of the cross on her with a little of the oil, and with St. Joseph's medal in my hand, I just asked if there was any merit in Brother André's prayers and good works that this poor woman be restored to health for her own and her son's sake. I came away. The nurse thought it a hopeless case. I went to Ireland for three weeks, and on my return sent a 'phone message to the son, fearing he would tell me his mother was dead. But to my

joy he said she had completely recovered and was then at a rest home to build up her strength. Tell Brother André that!"

But witnesses to the work of the "Miracle Man" of Montreal are not confined to the Roman Catholic priesthood. They are testified to by well-known medical men of Montreal. For instance in December, 1911, Dr. G. A. Henri Dufresne, a well known Montreal physician, wrote as follows to the Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, regarding the miraculous cure of his brother:

"I, the undersigned, declare that Mr. J. O. Dufresne, of Nicolet, has been cured of tuberculosis, in a very advanced stage, after a pilgrimage to the Oratory of St. Joseph of Montreal. I attended his illness before his pilgrimage, and then believed that his death was imminent. His cure already dates a year since his pilgrimage, and is maintained. (Sgd). G. A. Henri Dufresne, M.D."

The same Doctor Dufresne in February, 1911, sent to the same authorities a certificate that he had under his care Mdle. Alphonsine

Saint-Martin for four years up to May, 1910, and has considered her a victim of tuberculosis in the secondary stage.

“Since that date,” wrote Dr. Dufresne, “she has been completely well and her lungs are healthy. I witnessed this amelioration in her condition after a pilgrimage she made to St. Joseph’s Oratory in May, 1910.”

Interrogated in February, 1922, Dr. Dufresne affirmed that both had been maintained during the eleven years, and that he considered they were the most striking miracles recorded at the Oratory.

Another very remarkable and miraculous cure of spinal tuberculosis is recorded and duly attested by medical evidence, as is the custom in the annals of the Oratory. This was the case of young Charles Eugene Veilleux, of Riviere du Loup, who went to the Oratory on October 3rd, 1910, and was ministered to by the good Brother André, with intercessions to St. Joseph, with the miraculous result that he acquired a permanent and immediate cure of this terrible disease, which in

ordinary medical treatment would require at least three years constant care, and even then there were fears of a dubious issue.

This miraculous result of Brother André's ministrations is attested in the following formal medical document, dated at Fraserville, Que., October 5th, 1911:

"I, the undersigned physician, practising at Fraserville, declare that I had examined young Veilleux, son of M. Eugene Veilleux, of this place, about August 30th, 1910, assisted by the late Dr. F. E. Gilbert. We found that young Veilleux was suffering from tuberculosis of the vertebral column (spinal cord) in the cerebral region.

Following this examination we placed the boy in a plaster apparatus. Shortly afterwards the boy was taken to Montreal by his mother, and returned thence with her, completely cured.

"Since then I have examined the boy on various occasions, and have never discovered the slightest trace of the terrible malady he had suffered with, the treatment for which

ordinarily takes upwards of three years. (Sgd.) L. J. Piuze, M.D.”

Such evidence, attested by responsible physicians, naturally averse to the idea that miraculous intervention might achieve that which their medical skill could not accomplish, must appeal to even the most biased skeptics.

CANCER CURED.

Another even more remarkable case—if there could be any superlative degree in the miraculous—is that of Mons. Louis Bertrand, of St. Henri, a suburb of Montreal, who was miraculously cured of an advanced cancer in the arm by the intercessions and prayers of Brother André at the Oratory of St. Joseph. This miracle is again attested in a sober matter of fact manner by Bertrand’s physician, Dr. E. C. Campeau, of Montreal. Dr. Campeau attests the miraculous cure of this dread disease in the following statement, published in the Oratory Annals of 1911:

“Monsieur Louis Bertrand, of 74A Ste.

Marguerite Street, St. Henri, suffered from a cancer of the left arm. Already the ganglions of the growth had spread and invaded the elbow. The growth of the cancer was augmenting rapidly, the cancerous infection spreading daily throughout his arm. I have not the slightest doubt as to the diagnosis of the disease; it was definitely a case of malignant cancer.

“Today I consider that Monsieur Louis Bertrand is perfectly cured, that the ganglions have entirely disappeared, while at the same time every trace of cancerous infection has equally gone.

“As Mons. Bertrand has affirmed to me that he had not employed any medical means, which previously had had no curative effect in his case, I am forced to the conclusion that this cure is certainly the effect of a miracle, due to the intercession of St. Joseph, to whose influence Mons. Bertrand’s appeals for aid were confided. (Sgd.) Dr. E. C. Campeau, 29 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal. May 6th, 1911.”

This miraculous cure of that most dreaded of diseases, cancer, through Brother André's ministrations, has continued from 1911 to the present time, so that no possibility is left for the customary sneer of unbelievers that these miracles were merely temporary alleviations.

While these older miraculous cures are quoted as evidence that they proved real and permanent, other cases equally extraordinary of much later date are recorded in the *Oratory Annals*.

The miracle of Mdme. Joseph Marcoux, of Quebec, who was cured of a grave heart infection in the spring of 1921, following a visit to the Oratory, is vouched for. Her husband, M. Joseph Marcoux, in July, 1921, wrote a letter of gratitude to Brother André, which was published in the *Oratory Annals* in February, 1922, and followed this by a still more definite confirmatory letter of February 3rd, 1922, with the statement of their family physician, as to the gravity of Mme. Marcoux's heart disease, so wonderfully cured.

In his statement to the authorities at the

Oratory, Mons. Marcoux said: "Mdme. Marcoux was dying, and had been under constant care for five years. She suffered from frequent attacks of heart weakness, and the doctors said she would certainly pass away during one of these crises.

"Being informed that the founder of the Oratory was on his way to Quebec, Mons. Marcoux hastened to search for him at the residence of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, St. Famille Street, Quebec, and brought him to his own home. At the very moment when he made his requests to Brother André at the residence of the Fathers, Mdme. Marcoux suddenly felt her vital forces return to her, and, rising from her bed, went to sit down in another room, where her astonished husband found her on his return, and the family gave thanks for this sudden happiness.

"After ministering to the woman Brother André in leaving her instructed the sick woman to pray earnestly to the good St. Joseph, and to always have the holy oil, for applica-

tions, and to wear the medallion of the Oratory, which were his customary remedies.”

These ministrations were followed by a miraculous cure of Mdme. Marcoux, which again is attested by her physician, in a formal statement dated at Quebec, July 25th, 1921, as follows:

“I, the undersigned, solemnly declare that Mdme. Joseph Marcoux, 76 Lachevrotiere Street, Quebec, has been under my care since December 27th, 1920; that she was suffering from a very severe form of heart disease, her limbs inflamed, and of such pronounced weakness that I considered it a desperate case.

“Now she is well, her heart beats normally, her pulse is good, and her limbs are in a normal condition. I consider that this is a wonderful grace obtained by Brother André, of St. Joseph’s Oratory, Montreal. (Sgd.) M. A. Falardeau, M.D.”

MIRACLES OF THE BONES

Here is an attested account of young Joseph

L'Heureux, a student who had suffered from hip disease for six years, and who had been compelled to walk on crutches for a year. He began a "novena" (a period of nine days of fasting; special prayers and intercessions), which was terminated at the Oratory with Brother André, when an immediate and miraculous cure of this practically incurable disease (to physicians) occurred, and young L'Heureux walked away, for the first time in a year, leaving his crutches as a souvenir of the miracle at the Oratory, where they joined a constantly growing collection of similar manifestations.

In testimony of this act of grace the youth's father, Ephrem L'Heureux, of Quebec, wrote the following letter of gratitude to St. Joseph's Oratory:

"Quebec, Nov. 13th, 1910: With regard to the cure of my son, here is the note which I have caused to be published in the Quebec newspapers: 'Young Joseph L'Heureux, fifteen years of age, son of Mons. L'Heureux, of Messrs. L'Heureux & Gauvin, had suffered for

six years with bone disease, and for more than a year had been compelled to walk with crutches. A novena, which was begun at Quebec and terminated at the Oratory of St. Joseph of the Mountain, Cote des Neiges, Montreal, obtained for him a perfect cure, inasmuch that the patient left his crutches at the Oratory. Mr. L'Heureux himself has asked us to bring this to the cognizance of the public in order to spread the cult of devotion to the foster father of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.' With everlasting gratitude, (Sgd.) Ephrem L'Heureux, 391 St. Joseph Street, Quebec."

Following their usual caution in recording such miraculous interventions the authorities of the Oratory last January (1922), eleven years after the event, wrote Mr. L'Heureux at Quebec, to enquire if the miracle had been permanent, and could be vouched for by medical certificate. It was the beneficiary of the miracle who replied, both his father and doctor having died in the interim, but his statement was sufficiently emphatic. He wrote the Oratory:

“For upwards of two years I had to walk with the aid of crutches, and was unable to use my right leg. Then, having heard of the wonderful miracles performed by St. Joseph, through the intercession of Brother André, I made a novena in honor of St. Joseph, in the hope of obtaining a cure of my malady.

“At the conclusion of the novena I went to Montreal to see Brother André. On arrival there I had a talk with him, and told him that I had the utmost confidence in his prayers to our patron saint, St. Joseph. At that same instant I allowed my crutches to drop to the ground, and walked on my two legs, just as I walk today, without difficulty. And I assure you, Monsieur, that from that time until now I have never suffered from the hip disease. I carry myself very well today, just as on the day when I was first cured.”

In recording this miraculous cure the authorities of St. Joseph's Oratory express regret that the hand of death made it impossible to secure medical certificates, but argue that in face of so clear a statement from the bene-

ficiary himself, as well as from his father, since dead, it would be impossible to reject their evidence and not to accord the honor of this cure, humanly impossible, to the august patron saint of the Oratory. Therefore his cure is recorded as an authenticated instance of the miracles wrought through the intercession of Brother André.

AMPUTATION OF FOOT PREVENTED

Another case of a miraculous cure through Brother André's intercession was that of Arthur Rochette, a Grand Trunk brakesman, at Richmond, Que. In March, 1912, Rochette, while working on a freight train slipped on the rails, and had both his feet crushed under the wheels. The left foot suffered a compound fracture, followed by infection, as diagnosed by Dr. Hayes, the company's official surgeon. He was hurried to the Montreal General Hospital, where his right foot speedily healed, but the left foot became gangrenous, and he was twice operated on in an effort to save it. This

eventually caused blood poisoning, and, believing his end was near, the last rites of the Church were administered.

He was visited by Mr. Arthur Gilbert, M.P., who counselled him to seek the aid of Brother André at St. Joseph's Oratory, which he did. Soon he received from Brother André a medal of St. Joseph, and some of the holy oil from the Oratory, which he applied, with immediate relief, and the condition of his foot so improved that all fear of immediate death was dispelled.

His improvement continued, so that he was able to go abroad on crutches, and he wished to proceed to St. Joseph's Oratory to give thanks, but first submitted to an examination by two doctors. One advised immediate amputation of the gangrenous left foot, and the other agreed that a cure was impossible. He, however, refused to undergo the amputation, and Brother André encouraged his hopes.

Rochette returned to Richmond, and ceased all medical treatment beyond ordinary anti-

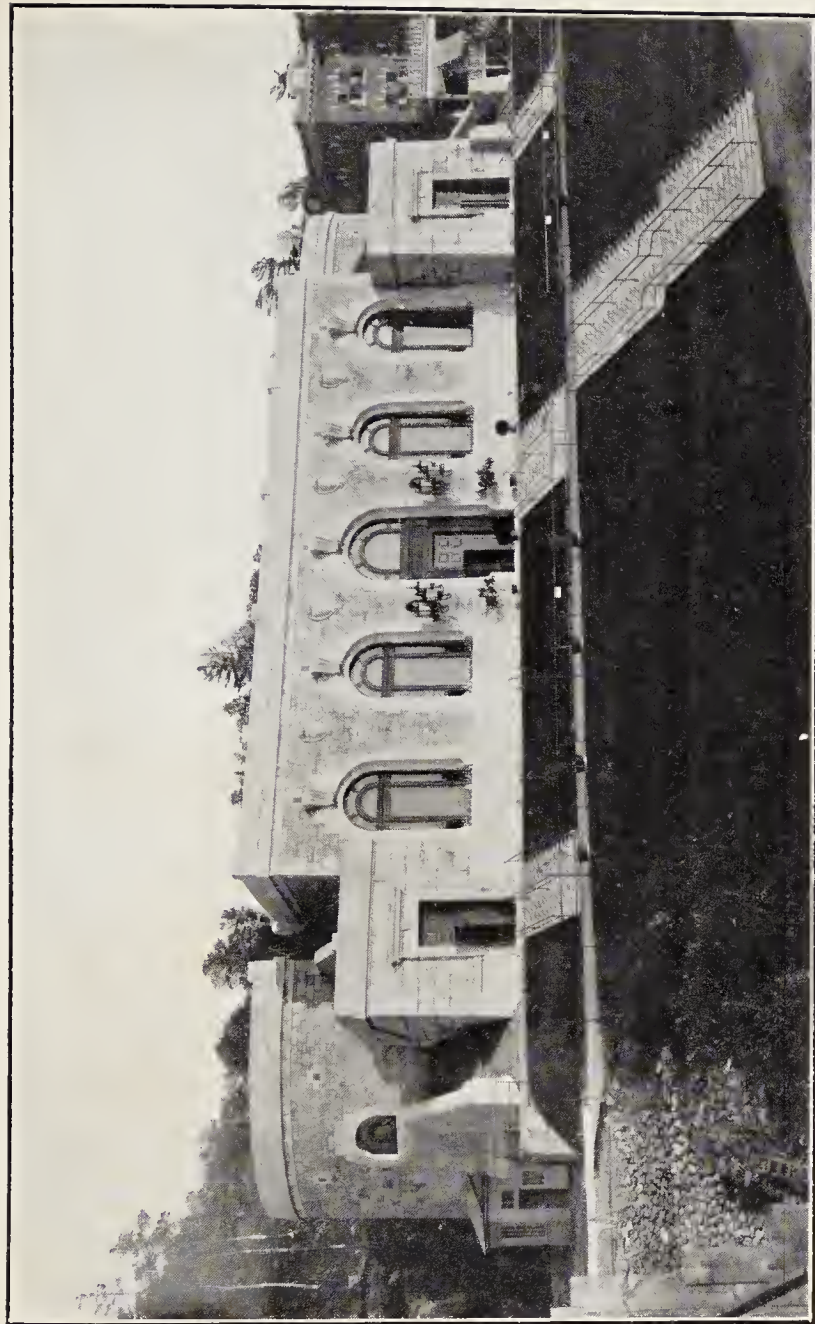
septic dressings, with applications of the holy oil of St. Joseph. Humanly speaking, his foot was abandoned to the gangrene, but during the summer it continued to improve. In September he returned to St. Joseph's Oratory, and made a novena, when he felt so well that he wished to leave his crutches at the Oratory and walk away. He was dissuaded by Brother André, but in October he was definitely cured, and abandoned his crutches for good—scarcely more than a month after two experienced surgeons had told him his only chance for life was in the amputation of his foot!

While surgeons declined to consider anything miraculous in this cure, both Mr. Rochette, his family and neighbors attribute it to the influence of St. Joseph, through the intercessions of Brother André, and in September, 1921, Mr. Rochette, the picture of health, returned to St. Joseph's Oratory, to renew his devotion to St. Joseph, and express gratitude for his miraculous restoration to health.

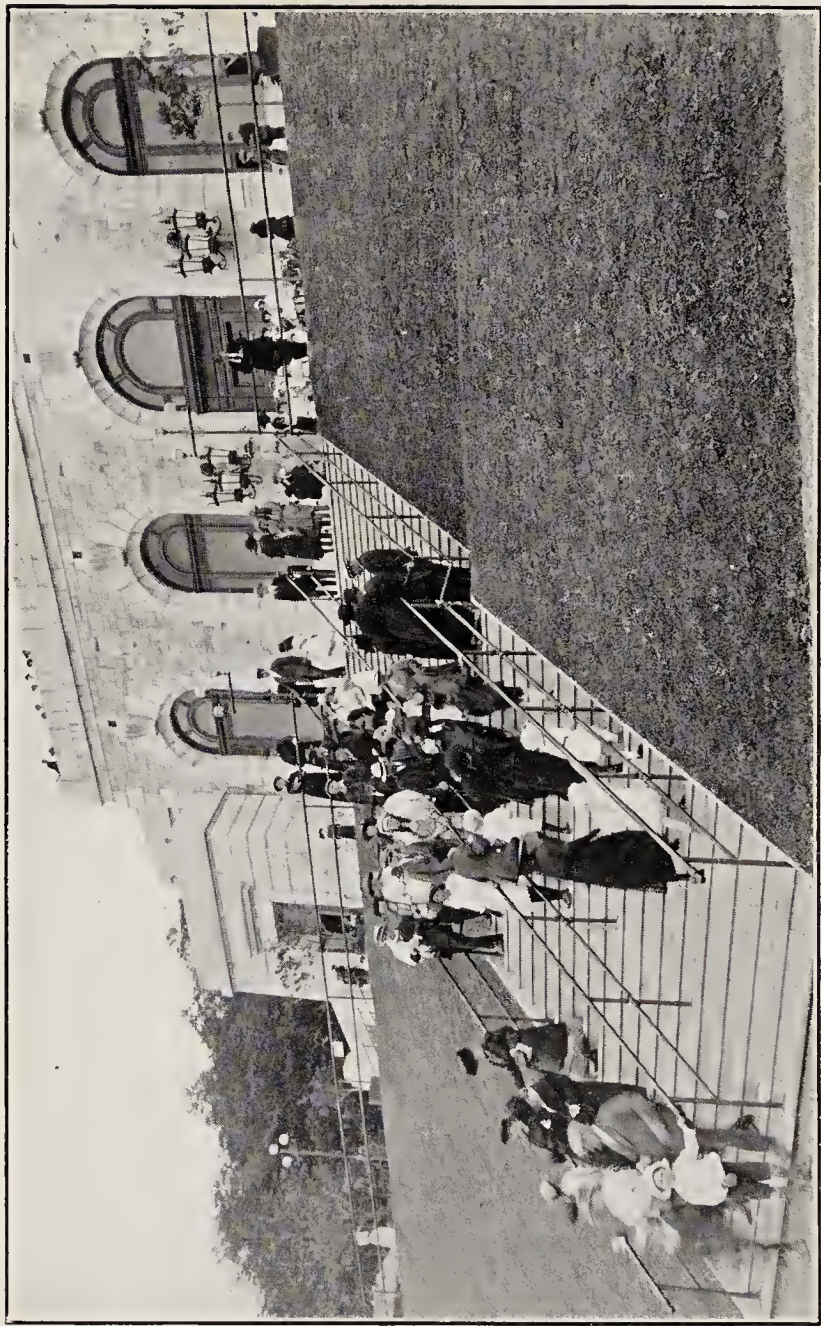
MIRACLE FOR PROTESTANT SKEPTIC.

One remarkable cure due to Brother André's intercession, is the more extraordinary in that the beneficiary was an English speaking Protestant, a member of an English Protestant family, while neither he nor they placed any credence in the possibility of modern miracles. This was the case of Alfred Standhope, a fireman of the city of Westmount, adjoining Montreal.

Standhope told his own story of his cure. He stated that in April, 1916, he was employed as a fireman on the Westmount brigade. On the 5th he was on the second storey of the fire station, and, trying to descend by the usual brass pole, lost his grip, and fell thirty feet to the cement floor, injuring his feet and breaking his thigh bone so badly that it protruded through the skin. After six weeks in the Western Hospital he was discharged, partly cured, but with bad infection in one of his feet, which caused much suppuration and severe suffering, even when he was able to undertake



The Crypt of St. Joseph's Oratory. Here on the mountain-side Brother André is always to be seen by those who flock to him for his aid.



A daily scene on the stairway leading to the Oratory of St. Joseph.

light work, so that he despaired of ever recovering his health.

Crushed by continual suffering, Standhope said that finally he gave ear to the urgency of a French Canadian fellow-workman that he go to St. Joseph's Oratory and seek the intercession of Brother André. He, Protestant as he is, repaired to the Oratory early in June, 1917, the climb up the mountain side causing him untold agony, only ameliorated by his desperate hope for relief.

He was received sympathetically by Brother André, and declared that scarcely had the "Miracle Man" touched his injured foot than the pain completely vanished, never to return, while the suppuration speedily stopped, and his limb was restored to its pristine vigor. He is now in steady employment, without a sign of the trouble which came so near costing him his leg and health, and his gratitude to Brother André, whom he regards as the worker of this miracle, is beyond expression.

MIRACLE MEDICALLY VOUCHED.

It is impossible to conclude without referring to the case of Mlle. M. A. Mercier, whose miraculous cure through Brother André was carefully recorded, and explicitly affirmed by two well known physicians of Quebec. This cure attracted wide attention at Quebec, and throughout the Province, where the devout accepted it as a fresh evidence of the blessings that came from the puissant intercessions of the patron saint of the Oratory of St. Joseph at Montreal.

Following is the recital of this miraculous cure, as recorded in *l'Action Social*, Quebec, on February 11th, 1910:

“A miracle was performed Wednesday morning at the convent of St. Joseph de Levis (generally known as Levis, the city on the heights opposite Quebec, across the St. Lawrence.)

“Mdlle. Marie Antoinette Mercier, of Quebec, last summer, while playing with her companions, had through some mishap received a

blow from an oar on her right eye. Oculists who were called in made every effort to save the patient from the loss of the injured eye, but without success, there being paralysis of the optic nerve. She returned to the school, but while present at the classes was unable to take part in the lessons.

“However, having heard of the marvels that had manifested themselves at St. Joseph’s Oratory, Montreal, the Sisters procured a medal that had been blessed at that sanctuary, and the whole community began a fervent novena to St. Joseph, whose cult was already in high honor, in the convent chapel. The young patient daily applied the holy medal to her injured eye, and joined in the devotions, but without any sensible amelioration during the first eight days.

“On Wednesday, during the Mass of the Community, and after the Communion, the little girl all at once noticed that she could see clearly the statue of St. Joseph, out of the paralyzed eye, which she had never been able to see during the whole course of the novena.

“She uttered a joyous exclamation: ‘I can see’, and a wave of emotion swept through the whole entourage near her. After the Mass which terminated the novena, and while leaving the chapel the whole Community witnessed the prodigy.

“In order the better to assure themselves of this miraculous event the child was made to read during the same hour from a book printed in very small type. which she did without any fatigue or hesitation. The Sisters and pupils, with much emotion of joy and gratitude immediately joined in singing a canticle of the Deeds of Grace. It is needless to dwell on the joy of the little girl, and her happy relatives.”

In order to test the permanency of this miraculous cure, *l’Action Sociale*, in January, 1913, wrote the Sister Superior of the Convent, inquiring as to Marie Antoinette. On instruction of the Superior a letter was written the newspaper by Jeanne Mercier, sister of Marie Antoinette, stating that the latter had been perfectly well ever since her miraculous

restoration to sight, and that her once paralyzed right eye had remained cured, and just as good as the other.

This letter was accompanied by four medical certificates, two attesting the gravity of the child's injuries, and the other two equally attesting to the completeness of her supernatural cure.

Dr. L. O. Gauthier, of Quebec, wrote on June 19th, 1909, a certificate that he had attended Marie Antoinette Mercier, who had received an injury to her right eye causing a severe traumatism, which would probably involve the loss of that eye by atrophy of the optic nerve.

On February 15th, 1910, following the miracle, Dr. Gauthier again wrote, repeating his statement as to the examination immediately following the accident, and continuing:

"To-day, the 15th February, 1910, I have again examined Mdlle. Marie Antoinette Mercier, and I consider that the vision of her right eye is almost normal, which would indicate that there has been a complete revolution of

the nerve. I am not, meanwhile, prepared to admit that the vision of this eye has been regained as a result of only natural causes, in belief of which I give this certificate. Dr. Louis O. Gauthier."

Dr. Wilfrid Beaupré, another well-known Quebec doctor, certified he had examined Mdlle. Mercier, when he considered that the sight of the right eye had been absolutely destroyed, as the result of a blow fifteen days before.

But Dr. Beaupré again examined Mdlle. Mercier on February 15th, 1910, after her miraculous restoration to sight, when he made an extended report, detailing his previous examination, when he found the child's eye completely impervious to light, with indications of the optic nerve being atrophied.

"I then told the mother that the sight of this eye was definitely lost, and that no human means could restore it, which was my sincere conviction. I, however, continued treatment by a special new process for several weeks, without the least result, and discontinued it as

hopeless. The mother wished to have the right eye operated on, or even removed, lest it might affect the left eye, but I assured her this was not necessary, as the lost eye would not affect the other."

Following this, for legal purposes, Dr. Beaupré had given the girl's father a certificate that the sight of her right eye was permanently lost.

But Dr. Beaupré's letter concludes: "On February 9th, 1910, I again received Mdlle. Marie Antoinette Mercier at my office for a new consultation. She was accompanied by Revd. Mother St. Ephrem, of the Convent of St. Joseph de Levis, who apprised me, to my great astonishment, that Mdlle. Mercier, who had that very morning concluded a novena to St. Joseph, had suddenly recovered her eyesight during the Mass.

"I then, and not without emotion, made another examination of her right eye, and found, for the first time, that I could see the depth (fond) of the eye, and further, that the vision in the eye was absolutely perfect and in every

way equal to that of the left eye, which was perfectly normal.

“It is not necessary for me to state my astonishment at the good fortune of this child. If the finger of God is not manifest there I know not what finger has acted. (Sgd.) W. Beaupré, M.D.”

This concludes the brief account of the beneficent works performed by the “Miracle Man” of Montreal, who will shortly have a splendid basilica, to be erected on the slopes of Mount Royal in honor of St. Joseph, where, in its magnificent precincts he will continue his extraordinary career with the same modest self effacement that marked his earlier days as porter, door-keeper and barber to the pupils at the college.

ALL FAITHS AMONG PATRONS.

You would be surprised to learn that, in proportion to the number that have applied, probably more Protestants than Roman Catho-

lics, have successfully procured aid at this now world-famed shrine. And yet it is true.

From the primitive little Oratory of St. Joseph, on the western slope of Mount Royal, there has grown this crypt of large dimensions, in which divine service is daily held, and in the magnificent stained glass windows, the statuary, and the other handsome offerings are mute but unmistakable evidences of the deep and fervent gratitude of those who have been made whole.

SHRINES THE WORLD OVER.

Shrines throughout the world have existed for centuries, and some of them gained a wide reputation for the remarkable cures and spiritual conversions that have been claimed for them. While Lourdes in France is perhaps the best known, the province of Quebec, in Canada, has many shrines and churches which have gained a world wide reputation. It is three centuries ago since the Cross and lillies of France were planted on the hills along the

banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, and the religious institutions then founded still flourish. Always the cross is in evidence, crude wayside shrines along the country roads and great golden crosses upon city spires. But perhaps the most widely known shrine in Quebec, nay in America, is that of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, in the little village of the same name, near the city of Quebec. The shrine built in fulfilment of a vow made in 1650 by storm-harassed Breton sailors to Ste. Anne, the mother of Mary, is famed for its cures. Fire that totally destroyed the great Basilica in 1922 did not daunt the faithful as they continue their annual pilgrimages with the same fervor as of old. Each summer from far and near these good people by thousands kneel before the miracle working statute of "Good Ste. Anne", as she is affectionately called.

It is not of these, however, that I am writing, but of the shrine of St. Joseph on Mount Royal at Montreal, where the "Miracle Man", Brother André, has been relieving the diseased and suffering of their ills for many years, as

testified to by thousands upon thousands of people who have been restored to health and happiness by his intercession and prayers. He is a most remarkable man, with no pretensions whatever of being other than the humble instrument of a higher power through which he is permitted to do good to his fellowmen.

THE ORIGIN OF ST. JOSEPH'S ORATORY.

Three-quarters of a century ago, in 1847—a priest and eight brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross came from their mother house in Mains, France, to Montreal, and settled in St. Laurent, a suburb, where a parochial school was erected, which afterwards became the College of St. Laurent. As their work expanded this structure was insufficient to house the pupils, and other properties were acquired, notably at Cote des Neiges, where a junior college was started. Desiring to secure the site on the mountain opposite this latter college, and after repeated failures, it is related, that one bright summer day in 1882,

the then Superior, Rev. Father Geoffrion, and Brother Alderic, a member of the second colony of the Holy Cross Order in Canada, strolled up the mountainside, and the latter with mind intent on securing the desired property, produced a medal bearing the image of St. Joseph (who in 1871 had been chosen by Pope Pius IX, as Patron Saint and Protector of the whole Catholic Church) and that the twain knelt and united in prayer to the Saint that all obstacles, chiefly of a pecuniary nature, might be removed, and they planted the little medal at the base of a towering pine tree. Four years later, in 1896, the property was acquired, and as time passed, a shrine was erected on the spot now occupied by the Oratory. Any idea that might have existed of locating additional college buildings on the new site was abandoned, and it immediately became a place of pilgrimage, for in 1904, Brother André, after repeated requests and repeated refusals, finally obtained permission to build a small chapel, eighteen feet long by fifteen feet in width, lighted by a single skylight, in lieu of windows.

The little edifice could hold but few people, but long rows of benches were placed outside to accommodate the rapidly increasing worshippers. A temporary altar was erected, and on November 19th, 1904, the little sanctuary was opened. From that day until the present time Brother André, his fellow religious and hundreds of worshippers gather together before the statue of St. Joseph.

In the construction of the primitive little chapel, a local carter with a load of lumber came to Brother André and told him how his horse had baulked at the foot of the steep incline and would not be induced by gentle means or severe whipping to proceed farther. "But," replied Brother André, "there is your horse and his load right behind you." And the amazed carter looked around and saw the stubborn animal at the chapel door. "Heavens," he exclaimed, "this is a miracle".

Several additions to the original chapel were built, and on May 5th, 1910, His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, the Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, D.D., granted the long wished

for boon of holding divine service in the chapel, also appointing a committee of well known priests to investigate any cures said to have been wrought at the Oratory. Many certificates signed by prominent physicians, both Protestant and Catholic, and 170 letters from persons who had been materially aided or cured, were submitted, and also from a number of people who claimed to have received special favors through St. Joseph, and this committee cautiously reported that, while not pronouncing on the veracity and authenticity of the miracles wrought, declared that the devotion practised there was in every way conformable to that which the mother church required, and submitted that the faithful might continue to visit the Oratory and seek the good saint's intercession.

On February 26th, 1910, His Holiness Pope Pius X, had granted his Apostolic Benediction, and in the following November, the Archbishop of Montreal blessed an extension to the original chapel. In his address His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi said in part: "It would

seem St. Joseph wishes to be honored in a special manner in this Oratory on Mount Royal, just as Mary Immaculate wished to be honored in a special manner at Lourdes in France. . . . I see here a pious movement that consoles me. This grain of mustard seed, at first so small, will soon produce a large tree! In the beginning a devout servant of St. Joseph placed here a medal bearing his image. Soon a little chapel was built. . . . Thereupon the clients of St. Joseph came hither in crowds, until the chapel had to be extended once and again and yet again. The work has but begun. I foresee in the not distant future, a church, a basilica, built in honor of St. Joseph on this beautiful spot on Mount Royal. . . . Shall I say that miracles are wrought here? If I denied that such were the case, the ex-votive offerings in yonder pyramids would belie my words. I need make no investigation, I am convinced that extraordinary occurrences have taken place here; corporal cures, perhaps, although it is quite easy to suffer illusion in such cases; and spiritual cures still greater have been

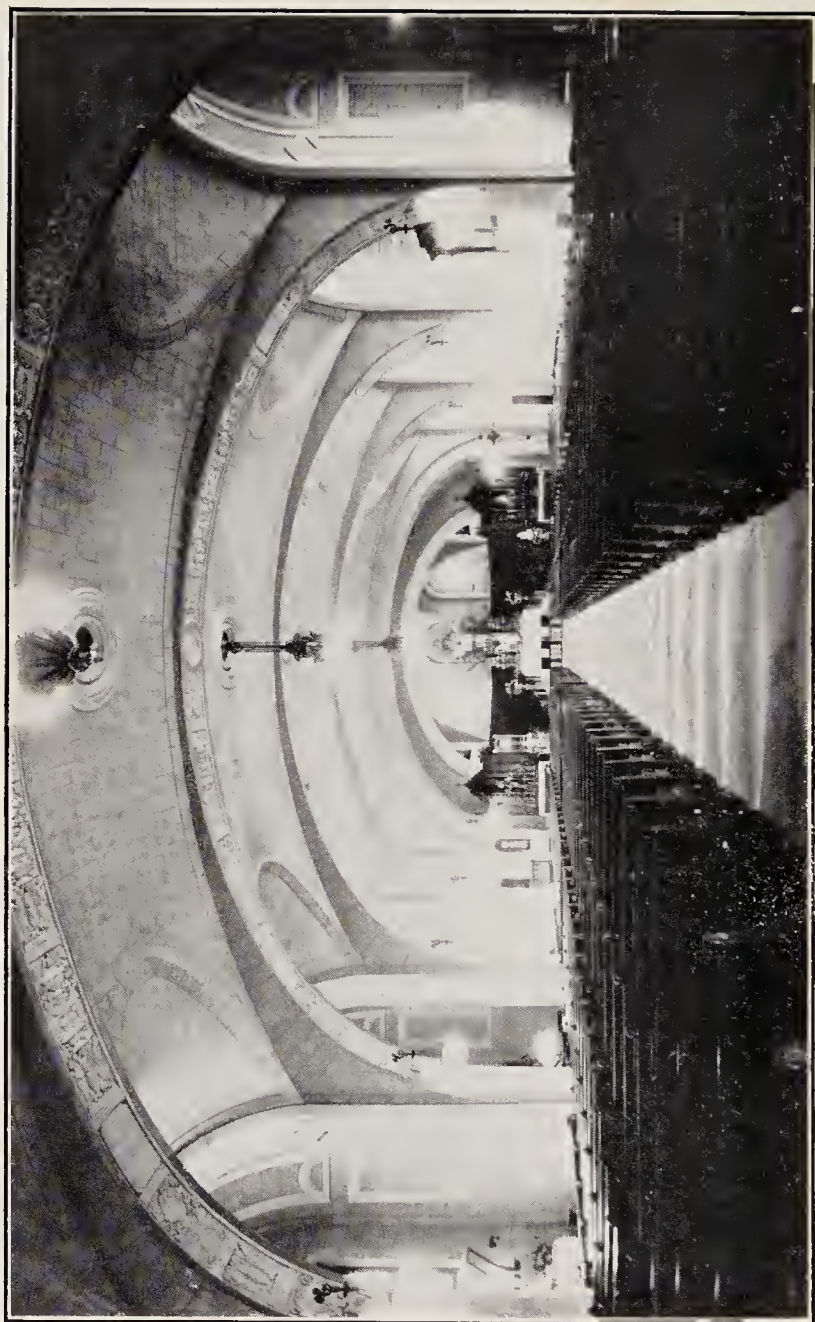
wrought. Sinners have come here, have prayed, and after prayer, have purged out their iniquities, and have gone away at peace with their God. On an extended trip I just made to the Pacific Coast, here, there, everywhere, I was literally deluged with questions about St. Joseph's Oratory, on Mount Royal. These testimonies suffice for me. Come here, then, and pray! Come here often to implore the aid of the all-powerful and all-generous St. Joseph."

THE CRYPT.

In January, 1914, permission was obtained to build the Crypt, and on May 15th, 1916, the corner stone was laid and blessed by the Archbishop. For the foundation of this edifice, which is built of stone and reinforced concrete, it was necessary to blast and remove tons of rock. The land on which the Crypt is built is situated 100 feet above the level of the road; the Crypt itself is forty feet in height, 120 feet wide and 200 feet long, and can accommodate 1,500 people. The interior appearance is



A portion of the crowd of visitors at the Crypt, Labor Day, 1922.



Interior of Crypt of St. Joseph.

like that of a large elliptic vault, reminding one of the ancient crypts. There are three altars in the sanctuary and four side altars, and the choir loft in the rear has accommodation for seventy-five people. The high altar is placed under a canopy, with stalls at the side and back, such as in the ancient churches, and it is possible to celebrate mass simultaneously upon seven altars.

And all this magnificent grandeur of marble and gold and silver and precious stones, picturesquely environed by all the wealth of the scenic splendor of the historic mountainside, springs from the unfathomable work of the poor little habitant lad whose whole simple life has been devoted to humbly and faithfully following in the footsteps of the Master.

THE BASILICA.

Overshadowing and set back some distance from the Crypt, the Basilica, which is to be one of the world's grandest and most magnificent structures, will soon appear. The plans

for this edifice are on the style of the Italian renaissance, and the building will be capable of seating 5,000 people. It will be built in the form of a Latin cross. The greatest length to be 320 feet, and the width at the arms of the cross, 192 feet. It will be situated 150 feet above the road, and the height of the temple to the summit of the dome will be 220 feet. At the back of the church there will be a semi-circular terrace from which the celebrant may give benediction, (the same as at the Basilica of Montmartre) to the whole city stretching for miles far in the distance.

AN EMINENT WRITER'S EULOGY.

The fiftieth anniversary alike of St. Joseph's protectorate of the universal Church, and of Brother André's admission to the Holy Cross Order, was celebrated in November, 1921, when the following graphic sketch of, and tribute to, Brother André was written by Mr. S. Morgan Powell, one of the ablest writers of the Canadian Press, and, like myself, not a member of the Catholic Church:

I. SUNRISE.

At six o'clock the starlight still lay low over a mist that covered the snow-clad landscape of Cote des Neiges. Slowly the mist lifted, and there rested softly on the wintry scene the first low gleams of an Eastern glow that lit the world below the Shrine-topped hill.

But even before the first mists lifted, a long, slim line of patient figures could be seen, toiling laboriously up the long slope, halting often to regain breath, but steadfastly pressing on and up, toward the shrine that crowns the toilsome hill.

From the simple boarded steps of a plain shed, two plain doors were flung open, and a black-clothed figure stepped forth. Far below the average stature, from shrouded shoulders to feet, wrapped in the black cloak; slim, but erect, arms crossed, head uplifted to the swiftly glowing sunlight that shed its gold-blue splendor athwart the lightening East.

He gazed long and steadily towards the Dawn. His eyes caught the long, thin, tortu-

ous line climbing slowly towards the height. Then his arms were lifted in slow invocation, and with a gesture of adoration he turned, paused between the half-opened doorway, and passed again into the gloom of a chill and silent room.

Brother André, of the Shrine of Saint Joseph of Mount Royal, turned to his bare room and his prie-dieu, and there, kneeling in prayer, awaited the first of the suffering who sought his intercession.

Saturday morning, March 19th, saw a radiant dawn break over the snow-clad hill, and when the first of the pilgrims, breathless and weary, at last reached the topmost step before the grey-stone crypt the little slim man, whose sparse gray hair was brushed back from a lofty forehead, stood with folded hands, humble, erect, and silent, on the board steps of his simple little shed to the right of the sacred edifice. On his face a smile of welcome; in his eyes the light of a great happiness.

All that forenoon they toiled up the steep hillside, rich and poor, healthy and suffering,

young and old, people of every faith, every creed—high-born folk in costly limousines and humble folk in the simple attire of the farm districts of Old Quebec.

Beneath a sky of purest azure, the cold grey stone of the crypt stood out sharp and arresting. Unceasingly its big oak doors swung to and fro as men and women, youth and maid, ancient and child, passed through into the silence of the dim-lit nave, with its stained glass windows and its altar gleaming strangely white beneath the statue of the patron Saint.

And all that forenoon there streamed in one thin, continuous line a procession of those who sought, not the crypt's big oak portals, but the insignificant little shed to the right, where this little old man in a plain black robe, his face deep-lined, shrunken, puckered, his arms folded quietly in front, and in his eyes a smile of ineffable welcome, sat and waited to hear their pleas.

Here an aged man, leaning heavily on the arm of a sturdy youth. There a shrinking girl, limping along with difficulty by the aid of a

crutch. Here again a tiny child, half-dragged, half-carried, by a mother, whose face bore the impress of strain and stress. Again, a youth with pallid face and drawn features, in whose eyes there lay the shadow of an ever-present fear.

One by one they mounted the three wooden steps, passed through the door, and sat on the plain wooden benches in the plain little room, waiting....waiting.....each face turned expectantly to the little door beyond, through which from time to time one from among them passed....to receive the greeting of the "Miracle Man".

Of what passed in that little room beyond none may tell. Those who come from it will not speak. But on their faces is a wondrous calm, and in their eyes a light that never was there when they first entered. I stood and watched them for a long time....young and old, halt and maimed....and this one thing I may —tell:

There came a little child ten or twelve years old, it may be, frail, nervous, white-faced, head

downcast, her right arm hanging helpless, her left hand close-gripping that of a little old woman in a faded hat and a faded shawl. On the steps she faltered, and the little old woman put her arm about her and drew her through the door. . . . She passed, shrinkingly through the rows of silent, waiting folk. . . . Later she came forth, her little head held high, color in the pallid cheeks, in her eyes a great wonder, and her right arm moving slightly up and down as she looked at it in amazement. In the little faded woman's eyes there were tears. . . . and a great joy.

II.—AFTERNOON.

The big, grey-stone crypt filled; every aisle crowded; every seat occupied; a vast, silent congregation of all classes and all ages, waiting there in the silence, that grew and grew until it lay like a heavy hand upon them. Through the stained-glass windows filtered the failing light of a sky overcast and grey; upon the marble altar, blending with its chaste

white, twinkling colored lights; above it, standing out clear-cut and dominant against a gleaming sunburst of brass reflector, the giant statue of Saint Joseph, in his arms the Christ-Child; beyond, the dim shadows of the sacristy, with flying buttresses melting into its arched roof.

Overhead, the low, Byzantine arches sweeping from side to side, the dim lamps, the symmetrical architectural lines, and silence.

Through the vast crypt the soft notes of an organ, pealing....pealing....the crimson-robed acolytes....the slow-moving priests....silently, lights picked out upon the gleaming altar....a hush as of moments slowly passing into eternity....then, clear and sonorous, rolling beneath the low-vaulted roof, a splendid baritone voice from the choir, uplifted....rising, echoing, then soft, then ringing clear again with the organ's mellow tones, in a song of thanksgiving and adoration...."O Salutaris Hostia!"....the pure, sexless voices of boys....a glorious tenor....and again that rich, re-echoing baritone..."O Salutaris Hos-

tia!" Then....silence....deep as the grave
....all pervading, all-embracing.

Suddenly a solitary voice cuts the stillness. An Oblate Father stands in the pulpit....and we hear the story of Saint Joseph, told in simple, moving phrase, with an earnestness and a sincerity and a pictorial simplicity that holds the great congregation spellbound.

The blaze of light upon the altar grows and grows....the crowned shrine beside it is glowing with light....red and white, the twinkling points seize the eye. Again the soft tones of the organ peal through the vaulted spaces. Priests in their rich robes pass and repass before the glittering altar lights....Silence, and the whole congregation kneels....the Elevation of the Ostensorium....a swift Benediction, the organ peals again, and out into the dim, wet gray of a failing day the great congregation slowly walks.

But in the little circular passage behind the sacristy, in one quiet corner, a little shrunken figure stands, with head bowed and hands folded. Brother André is listening to the last

faint echoes of the organ as it rolls in grandeur through the now dim-lit fane. This service of thanksgiving is in honor of the shrine he erected, in glorification of the work of healing he has carried on through the slow, silent passage of the years. And he is there, alone, silent, unheeding all. . . . save the fading music and the failing altar lights, over which the giant statue of Saint Joseph with the Christ-Child in his arms casts a shadow of ever-deepening gloom.

Brother André remains to pray while the great congregation, assembled to do him and his patron Saint this signal honor, passes out into the gathering shadows of later afternoon.

We sought him there, and he came with us quietly, his lined, puckered features lit up with a smile of rare tenderness. "Old? I am not old, Let me see. . . . seven and five. . . . that is twelve. . . . yes, I am twelve years old. . . . you might say. Tired? One is never tired in the service of the Master. . . . Yes. . . . I have been up since dawn. . . . How many people? . . . oh, many. . . . many. . . . What do you say? Have

I cured them....you should not ask that.... just say, they have, I hope, all gone away happy....You will come again? Yes.... come....and God bless you all.”

A firm, lingering hand-clasp, a simple, dignified motion of benediction and one passes from him with one's last impression of a face worn and lined by the passage of the years, a slim, upright figure which not even the weight of seventy-five winters has bowed or bent, and a smile like that of a mother comforting a weary child, and in two clear, grey eyes a light one seldom sees....This man, at least, is at peace with man and God.

III.—NIGHT.

The shadows have deepened. The grey sky has turned to dark. The great crypt is empty. On the white marble altar a few solitary lights gleam and glimmer fitfully. Silence over all....

The little “Miracle Man” has gone to his bare room. Brother André, born seventy-five

years ago in the little village of St. Gregoire d'Iberville, Quebec, and for many years the humble porter of the Order of the Holy Cross, is praying for those who have sought his intercession during the long day. How many hundreds have left this Shrine of St. Joseph of Mount Royal blessing his name, only he and God can say. But his name is known and spoken with reverence in the earth's farthest places. The humblest of men, he is famous with a fame many of the great ones of the world might envy.

Upon the steep slopes of Cotes des Neiges, they say, there is to be built a vast Basilica of which the present church will be the crypt. A million dollars, subscribed by thousands who have won health and happiness through the intercession of the little wizened "Miracle Man", assures this. It will be one of the greatest shrines in the world alike, in size, in grandeur in beauty, and in rich apointment. . . . "Ad majorem Dei Gloriam!"

But to the right of the grey crypt stone stands a tiny tin-roofed chapel. Within, a

simple altar lighted by plain candles. On the tin walls, marble tablets testifying to the miraculous healing granted many of those who have sought the little faded man in agony of body and of mind, only to pass from him healed and at peace.

That Basilica will be a thing of beauty and of magnificence. But Brother André asks only that he be permitted to worship still in the tiny church of his earlier days, and to live out his life in the little low shed where he is sought from early morn till nightfall by those who have sought all other aid in vain.

In a little window a solitary light flickers and gleams....A slim straight figure stands against it....a grey-haired head is bowed in prayer....Brother André whose jubilee thousands have been celebrating, puts out the light and seeks his simple pallet bed.

The "Miracle Man" is alone with his God. He alone of all that vast congregation has been unseen save by a very few. But their prayers are with him. Their faith is in his intercession. Beside such humility, such faith, such

devotion, all creeds sink into insignificance. There remains only the simple trust of a servant of God and man in his God and in his fellow-men.

